

NOTHING

BY COMRADE CANDLE

All is nothing and no meaning, purpose, or value is forthcoming. Truth follows the fate of God — death — only lacking in pity. Becoming is destruction and destroying is creating, my life. All I can ever hope to posit it in this hopeless endeavor is that “I am,” indescribably, inexpressibly — words cannot name me.

The snake eats its own tail, caught in a cycle of consumption and creation. Presence is absence, vis-à-vis. When I reject the call of the abyss — and it does gaze back — I become something, myself. I am!

And once again I am nothing, only ever able to formulate my something as the absence of all else, of everything. My being is the emptiness of form, a becoming. I am, only by virtue of what I am not.

I will die and know nothing more of this cold plane, this existence. I won't be.

When the snake finds itself severed in two, what remains after death? Nothing, something, everything — and nothing. | CC

COMRADE CANDLE DESCRIBES HERSELF AS “THE FIERY INSURRECTIONIST OF YOUR DREAMS SEEKS TO STOKE DISSENT’S FLAME.”